MAGAZINE FEATURES

THE NEWS SCIMITAR DAILY COMIC PAGE

WHO'S TO BLAME

BY ETHEL LLOYD PATTERSON

It takes more than a marriage ceremony to make an adie-pated girl into a thrift wife.

CHAPTER 77.

Brushes.

Freddie was not feeling very well. He refused to admit it to himself, and he certainly would have denied hotly that he was ill had anyone made inquiries. But the truth of the matter was he sorked very hard all day and was geting neither fresh air nor the proper lood in the evenings. Like most arong soys who are used to athletics and simile, good dinners, he began rapidly to vilt under the 'hot-house' treatment, the father neticed it and it made his cent ache.

"Feel all right, Partner?" he asked

art ache.
Feel all right, Partner?" he asked
dedie one evening as his son was
out to leave the office and take the

"Ry, of course, sir. Tes," said Freddie, "Why" "Oh—thought you locked off your feed." his father told him; apparently casual, "Never felt better in my life." lled Freddie. "Never felt better in my life." lled Freddie. "Right—O." said Mr. Mason, and down in his own tender and manly heart: "My son! My son! If only I could bear the suffering and the disappointment for you!" And—to himself as he made his way homeward—Freddie said: "Gee whiz—I mustr't let dad know how much I miss him and—nother! He'd thirk maybe it was Estredda's fault and "—firmly and loyally to himself—'and it less the mande his way had been aught that the pretty, dainy and smiling wife awaiting a man in his copy and comfortable home was probably—a myth. At least thus far the picture had been a mirrage for Freddie. "Onight as he entered their little sitting room—or "parior" as she preferred to call H—be found Estrelda balanced on the couch. She was draping a skirt "the new way." She had found a wooden somp box and this was upside down on the couch cushions. Tectering precariously upon it stood. Estrelda. With the aid of this device she was able to see herself in the ornelarge mirror over the mantle. Freddie had with his lips. She did not even vouch safe him a glance. She was able to see herself in the ornelarge mirror over the mantle. Freddie him which had not she was able to see herself in the ornelarge mirror over the mantle. Freddie him which had not she was able to see herself in the ornelarge mirror over the mantle. Freddie him which had not had no

There was a deadly pause.

Sarah stood frozen into a statue of

guilt.
Freddie stepped from the bathroom.
"Say, Sweetle," he said to Estrelda:
"did you put my nail brush and my bath brush away?"



UNCLE WIGGILY AND THE SASSAFRAS.

per Syndicate.)

BY HOWARD R. GARIS.

Well, I feel like eating a good breakfast of broiled birch bark follypops with
honey gravy this morning!" cried Uncle Wiggily Longears, the bunny rabbit
gentleman, as he hopped out of bed in
his hollow stump bungalow one day.

Quickly dressing himself, the bunny
hopped down stairs to the breakfast
room, calling on his way;

"What ho, Nurse Jane! I am all ready
to eat!"

not get up and cook your break-If you could only make me a of sassafras tea I might soon be

better."
"Sassafras tea! Of course I'll make you a cup!" cried the bunny gentleman. "You shall have two cups, if you need them. Don't worry. I can get my own breakfast and make your sassafras tea.

(Copyright, 1819, by McClure Newspa- | or a small tree, and it has queer, three or a small tree, and it has queer, threepointed leaves that look something like
an old-fashloned mitten, with a place
for the thumb and one finger. And
sassafras roots are very good from
which to make tea for animals who are
ill, or for boys and girls, sometimes.
So Uncle Wightly, as he hopped along,
looked here and there for a bush, or
tree, with three-pointed leaves, and
soon he found one.

which open down stairs to the breakfast room, calling on his way:

"What ho, Nurse Jane! I am all ready to eat!"

But there was no nice Nurse Jane Fuzzy Wuzzy, the muskrat lady house-keeper in the kitchen getting breakfast. Nor was she out in front of the bungalow, sweeping the perch or woodland path as alse sometimes did.

"Why, this is queer!" exclaimed Uncle Wiggily. "Nurse Jane not up yet? She must be ill."

So he called:
"What's the matter, Miss Fuzzy Wuzzy? Don't you want me to have any breakfast this fine day?"
"Oh, Uncle Wiggily! I'm so sorry!" came a voice from Nurse Jane's room. "But I am so ill with a headache that I can not get up and cook your breakfast." If you could only make was a rustling in the bushes, and out popped the bad old Pipsisewah. "Good morning, Uncle Wiggily," said the Fipsisewah, but right away Uncle Wiggily thought it was going to be a bad day for him.
"You are up early, I see," went on the Pipsise was a pushed for short of the sar-sar in the process of the process

bad day for him.

"You are up early, I see," went on the Pip, as he may be called for short. "Well, I am glad to see that. It makes it so much easier for me. I shall not have to hunt any farther for my breakfast."

"Oh, is your breakfast here?" asked the bunny.
"It is!" said the Pipsisewah, and he looked straight at the bunny. "What have you there?" he asked Uncle Wiggily.

them. Don't worry. I can get my own breakfast and make your sassafras tea also."

So Uncle Wiggliy went to the cupboard, like Old Mother Hubbard, but not to get a poor dog a bone. He was looking for some sassafras roots that the might bell them and make tea for Nurse Jane.

But there were no sassafras roots in the whole hollow stump bungalow.

"Nurse Jane." Uncle Wiggliy called upstairs, when he had gotten himself a cup of carret coffee and a bit of acorn bread, "Nurse Jane, we are all out of sassafras roots for tea. I shall have to hop out in the woods and dig some. I won't be long."

"Oh, I'm sorry to give you so much trouble," said the Ill muskrat lady housekeeper.

"No trouble at all!" laughed the jolly bunny gentleman. "Maybe I'll have an adventure while digging the asssafras."

So off started Uncle Wiggliy with his red, white and blue striped rhounaling cruich that Nurse Jane had gnawed for him out of a cornstalk. And he wore his tall silk hat as he hopped over the fields and through the woods toward the forest where the sassafras."

Sassafras, you know, is a big bush,

LITTLE MARY MIXUP—Is This a Reflection, or a Compliment?









THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY—Not, of Course, Counting the Cats!







JOE'S CAR—Joe Discovers That the Book Is Correct!









GOSSIP BY K.C.B.

HOROSCOPE STARS INCLINE FOR THE DON'T COMPEL COMING DAY

SUNDAY, APRIL 13, 1919. Copyright, 1919, by the McClure News-paper Syndicate.) Astrologers read the direction of the

Astrologers read the direction of the stars today as especially favorable for the activities of churches and philanthropic institutions.

Meroury and Neptune are in benefic aspect, the sway making for receptivity of spiritual influences.

It is a fortunate rule for those who read what they have written and so should be helpful to the ciergy, who will discuss public questions and preach morality with vehemence, owing to the uncovering of scandals.

morality with veneratines, owing to uncovering of scandals.

Neptune is in an aspect supposed to give spiritual vision and for this reason ministers should enjoy an access of power as leaders. This vision will inside a practical reform movements along spire practical reform movements along

novel lines.

The stars give warning again of the importance of cleanliness in homes and cities. Danger of an epidemic is foreseen. Special attention should be devoted to sanitation and health conserv-

voted to sanitation and health conserving projects.

Children may suffer much in the next few months, for the stars are interpreted as presaging the best and the worst for them.

Hotels and all sorts of institutions for community living come under a sway making for prosperity.

The servant question comes much to the fore at this time and it is predicted that science will begin to take charge of domestic affairs.

A strange fad from Europe will be introduced and it will cause the clergy and the press to inveigh against the women who adopt it.

Persons whose birthdate it is have the augury of a busy year that will bring fair fortune.

Children born on this day are likely to be endowed with quick, alert brains and strong characters. They should ba trained to self-control.

DAILY ALMANAC.

Length of day 12 hours 59 minutes. Sun rises on Sunday at 6:50. Sun sets on Sunday at 7:30. Moon sets on Sunday at 5:22 a. m. Full moon on 15th. Evening stars, Venus, Jupiter, Sat-

MONDAY, APRIL 14, 1919. (Copyright, 1919, by the McClure News-paper Syndicate.)

Ill fortune broods over this day, ac cording to astrology. Jupiter, Venus Mercury and Mars are all in evil place During this aspect there should be extraordinary care in avoiding any thought that may be destructive or de-pressing.

pressing.

The sway is believed to encourage pessimism and to breed discontent. It is under such a configuration that riots and uprisings take place.

Merchants and those who risk capital in business investments should pursue conservative policies through this month, which will bring incidents that offer the grumblers a chance to find fault.

Women should be cautious during this rule of the planets, since they may be unlucky in the use of money. They should beware of speculation.

should beware of speculation.

Mars has power this month to disturb the world with new phases of old problems, for the planetary influences that made the world war possible are not quiescent. They will affect commerce and business.

It is not a favorable day for signing contracts and especially unlucky for any agreement involving theatrical projects or entertainments.

Under this sway homesickness may affect soldiers, who may be restless or discontented.

Behind all the clouds of uncertainty and anxiety is a great glory that will

Behind all the clouds of uncertainty and anxiety is a great glory that will appear when the perspective of years reveals the fact that there were giants in these days, the seers declare.

President Wilson, who is now supposed to be the subject of the planetary influences engendered by the aspect when the sun entered Aries, March 21, has the forecast of extremes of great honors and great anxieties.

Persons whose birthdate it is have the augury of a year of activity, but changes will be unfortunate. They should take no risks in business and should be especially careful about signing papers.

ing papers.
Children born on this day may be inclined toward extravagance. These subjects of Aries usually like to have their own way and are inclined to be skeptical.

Dear K. C. B.—Supposing you had been a soldier in France and had come been a soldier in France and had come home expecting to find your old position open to you. And when you called at the office you found it occupied by someone else. And the boss made excuses and told you to drop in again in a week. And you did. And the boss had the girl tell you he was out when you knew all the time he was in. What would you do? would you do?

Please answer this in your column, because the boss reads it every morning.

HARRY L. The Bronx, N. Y.

MY DEAR Harry. IN THE first place. PD MAKE up my mind. THAT I'D lost my old job. AND IF I was quite sure. THAT THE boss was in. WHEN HE told the girl, TO SAY he was out. I'D KEEP dropping in. TO THE old place. ABOUT ONCE a day, AND I'D make him ile. TILL HE got sick of it. AND KEEP him hiding. OR SMOKE him out. AND MAKE him tell me. HE DH)N'T want me. AND AFTER that. PD FORGET him. AND LOOK for another job, AND I'D do all this. IN SPITE of the fact. THAT IT may be true. THAT THE new man. IS A better workman. THAN YOU used to be. AND THAT that's the reason.

THE BOSS is keeping him.

AND IF that's the case.

YOU'D BE very foolish.

TO GO back again.

AND THERE must be a reason.

ABOUT THE things. THAT OTHER people. DO TO YOU. WHEN YOU know you're right.
AND IN this case, IF THE hose is wrong. AND HE probably is. OR HE wouldn't lie. AND SAY he was out. YOU CAN rest assured. THAT IT'S worrying him. A WHOLE lot more. THAN IT'S worrying you. FOR THE only things. WORTH WORRYING about. ARE THE things we do. THAT WE shouldn't do. AND FINALLY. 1F I were you. I'D FORGET about it. AND GET a new job. AND IF you can't do that. GO ON around. AND TAKE a poke at him. FOR ALL o' me, 1 DON'T care. I THANK you. SOLDIER IS BURIED BY

IF YOU had the chance.

AND, ANYWAY.

I'D NEVER worry.

COMRADES AT JONESBORO

JONESBORO, Ark., April 12. (Spl.)-The body of Floyd Merridith, a young man of this city, who was gassed in France and later died in a hospital at Ostun, N. C., arrived here Thursday night for burial. The body was taken in charge by the Sailors and Soldiers' club of this city and was buried Friday with military honors.

The service was in charge of Lieuts. Will Turner and Roy Pennix.

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow's Article BY MRS. WILSON WOODROW,

main who has recently become a wildower.

"A short time ago," he writes, "I lost the sweetest woman that ever was born.

"At different times during the happidays I spent with her, when we would be discussing the subject, she would be discussing the subject, she would ask me to promise her not to marry again in case she died before I did and, acceding to her wish, I often gave the promise.

"Now, after spending 12 happy years with such a wife. I am in a quandary for in those 12 years she demoststrated to me what a wonderful being a woman is, and also what a wife of that sort can mean to a man.

"I can not find words that could possibly describe her natures and disposition. She was as nearly perfect as any greature God ever made. As a wife she had no equal.

"Before I met her I was a skepits in regard to woman. Now I sing their praises. I adore them "I was a skepits in regard to woman. Now I sing their praises. I adore them "I was a skepits in regard to woman. Now I sing their praises. I adore them "I was a skepits in regard to woman. Now I sing their praises. I adore them "I was a skepits in regard to woman. Now I sing their praises. I adore them "I was a skepits in regard to woman. Now I sing their praises. I adore them "I was a skepits in regard to woman. Now I sing their praises. I must have someone to take her vacant place, someone to take h tion. She was as nearly perfect as any creature God ever made. As a wife she had no equal.

"Hefore I met her I was a skeptic in regard to woman. Now I sing their praises. I adore them.

"If feel that I must have someone to take her vacant place, someone that will be to me the wife she was I have enjoyed heaven on earth while she was here. Now everything is dark.

"Should I semain in durkness, or should I try to enter heaven's gate again? Kindly advise me the course I should pursue. J. F. M."

Before commenting on this letter or considering the problem it raises, let me repeat that I can under no circumstances assume the responsibility of forwarding to the writer any communications it may call forth, or assisting in any manner at promoting an acquaintanceship with him.

For him in his great sorrow there would be, I am sure, many expressions of heartfelt and genuine sympathy; but it would be impossible for me to sill out these from others of less worthy purpose. So I must decline to be a purveyor of all, both the gold and the dross.

Let me try, instead, to speak for

purveyor of all, both the gold and the dross.

Let me try, instead, to speak for those who might sincerely seek to extend him consolation; and in so doing may some things that perhaps may hurt, for there are times when it is kindness to be cruel.

In his loneliness and longing he cries out that he must have some one to fill his wife's vacant place, someone that will be to him the companion she was. That is impossible.

will be to him the companion she was. That is impossible. His wife's place was made by the love that existed between them, built up out of a thousand memories of their daily association. No one else could possibly fill it, because no one else would be the sharer of those memories and experiences. Even though he should find the very duplicate of his wife in appearance, in temperament, in disposition—and in this world of individuals that could never be—still the absence of those memories and experiences would stand as a bar between them.

them.
Is he never then to know wedded happiness again? Is he never again, as he puts it, to enter heaven's gate? That does not necessarily follow.
But the only way he will enter it

Should a man who has been happliy married, but whose wife has died, properly consider a second marriage? What are his chances of success in such a marriage? Should a promise made to the dead not to marry again be regarded as binding?

Those are the questions submitted to be in a black-bordered letter I have received. They are desply perturbing a man who has recently become a widower.

"A short time ago," he writes, "I lost the sweetest woman that ever was born the sweetest woman that ever was born.

SAILORS AND SOLDIERS CLUB FOR CRAIGHEAD

JONESBORO, Ark., April 12. (Spl.)-The discharged soldiers and sailors club is making a canvass of the county to chilst every returned saffor, soldier and marine. The membership fee is \$1 a year. They are planning a big binquet and get-together meeting for

SURE! ALL KINDS! *

Anyone can learn how to grow beans ind beets. The national war garden ommission, Washington, for two-cent



A philosopher out West says the changes in weather keep people from going crazy, but it doesn't keep a lot of them from going crazy

The World's Shortest and Most Frequent Poem: Trotzky Shotsky.

DID HE HIT IT? "Business Man Shot at Lunch."-Headline.

You've all heard about the engineer who got one day off in seve years and then spent that day hanging around the roundhouse lookin at the engines. Now comes Tom Aufiero, who claims that a certai chorus girl who got an evening off from her work for the first time ! five months, spent the said evening in a front seat of the theater watch ing her own show.

Interviewing Caruso on the occasion of his birthday is the annua field day of the psychologists of journalism, and it may be said to t their favorite indoor sport.

This year Enrico, who admits that he is 46 and will never hav much trouble in proving it, discoursed upon the melancholy subject of old age. Said he. "I said to my son, when in Italy last summer, Ru dolph, I am old. Yes, I grow old, but my sons laughs at me, 'Papa he says, 'you have the youngness of oldness.' "

There was a dense pause. The statement was incontrovertible. Then, after awhile, the great tenor breathed: "Ha! Oldness? Ye But the people are saying that Caruso is singing better than ever the year. * * People look at the opera bill for the night and the say. What? Caruso not singing? Then I will not go.' I do not say that because I am Caruso, but people do say it. And the market quotation on violets is only \$2 a hundred.

Alice Murdock says: "A church feels rich with \$145 in the bank while a business man would see the path to the poorhouse right befor

The editor of this Pillar of Protest is not abnormally proud, but obliged to forego an invitation to a solree next Tuesday evening. Has ing shaken out the old dress suit and looked it over, we are more that ever of the opinion that moths are efficient. When they get busy of

a pair of trousers they never waste any time on the legs. A PLEASANT TIME WAS HAD,

I see by your paper that you have published in the news depart ment what you call a dance at my house, and the statements made at entirely false. True, we had a few of our neighbors in to spend the entirely false. evening and some pups from Duncan came, entirely without piv in tation whatever, and when they came they were given to understan that they were not wanted .- Danbury (Conn.) Reflector.

Our country has few idle rich. Even the column writers work

And now we must beat our gin mills up into breakfast food far

Upon the day of John Barleycorn's funeral, will it be legal to pas around the bier?